

# NEIGHBORING NOTES.

## The Cyclone.

(Composed by Rupert Holland and read before  
the Adelphic Society.

It seems the fortune of everything,  
Of every person, place and town;  
That sometime in its history,  
It must be twisted and pulled around.

One evening while our inhabitants  
Were promiscuously roosting 'round,  
Down from the land of the setting sun,  
Came a whirly-gig with thundering sound.

But soon it reached our latitude  
And sang its Yankee Doodle,  
And then swooped down upon our town  
Like a hornet on a poodle.

It scared the pilgrims far and wide,  
Who did in their corners huddle,  
It tore the houses from their chimneys off  
And threw them in a puddle.

The looks of Cleary Dist. No. 6,  
It would surprise the nation,  
And the ragged urchins dwelling there  
Were out on a vacation.

The posterior end of Hawkins' roost  
Quickly kicked itself away.  
And the dandy looking opera house,  
Got acting rather gay.

The trees were twisted, warped and torn  
With many a winding round,  
And some gaily planted wrong end up,  
On a neighbor's stamping ground.

There was a chicken on the street  
Whom this cyclone chanced to meet,  
It blow the chicken from our sight,  
But left the feathers clean and neat.

The questions asked by passers by  
Were many, hard and rare,  
For articles that had disappeared  
While twisting in the air.

One native asked if any knew  
Where to his house had gone,  
For it had disappeared from sight  
With the rest of the hurried throng.

All that was left of his castle old  
Was the door key and the bell,  
Which were in their old positions,  
And in order working well.

It was the writer's luck to meet  
The Chinese John Hing Lee,  
With pigtail floating in the breeze  
Looking for his washee

On being asked where the clothes had gone  
That he cleaned from dust and clay,  
He shook his head and then replied,  
"Windedee blowee shirtee allee wayee."

And so they kept inquiring  
Through all the shining morn,  
For bedsteads, dolls and poodles  
Which'd departed in the storm.

These whirling winds are frisky things,  
Which try all things to sever;  
But though winds may come and winds may go,  
That wind has gone forever.

Pittsfield.

Mr. Will Skendt, wife and mother of